



Bam wasn't like that. "Not into it, dude," he said, adding, "Sorry," and putting a heavy hand on Chris's shoulder. He didn't get out of the car, though, and he didn't stop looking at Chris, lips cocked in a smirk. The air was suddenly humid in the car, and beery, and they both stank of cigarette smoke. Chris put his hands on the steering wheel. He'd made a mistake, fucked up big-time this time, making this awkward move on Bam.

Christ Almighty, he said to himself, staring out at the empty parking lot lit up like a Sunday afternoon. Bam's hand was still on his shoulder, curled into an innocuous fist, not altogether unpleasant and not altogether innocent, Chris was thinking, and he turned to Bam and said, "Don't play me, man," and Bam grinned harder and said, "Who's playing who, dude?" He lifted his hand and pounded lightly on the side of Chris's head. "You don't get it, do you?" he asked, and Chris shook his head, feeling dull and drunk, the parking lot lights flickering. It was cold in the car. He turned on the engine and turned on the heat. The heater made a noise that sufficed for an explanation, and Bam went quiet, although he replaced his hand, and Chris said, "Don't do that," and Bam said, "What?" and Chris said, "Your hand, man, your fucking hand."

"Let's get the fuck out of here," Bam said, and the hand was gone. "Let's get some more beer," he said, and Chris agreed that more beer was in order. What

the fuck, he was thinking, let's get some more fucking beer, fuck all of this other shit. He looked down at Bam's thigh, at Bam's crotch, the thick roll of it, the obvious hard-on. He blinked, his head nodding, wondering why he always had to drive when he was the one who got the drunkest. He focused again on the big lump of Bam's cock.

"What the fuck is that?" he asked.

"What?" Bam said, and Chris pointed. "That," he said, and he poked the lump with his finger. There was no give to it at all -- it was like poking stone.

"What the fuck do you think it is," Bam said easily.

"Well, I think -- I mean it looks to me like it's a fucking hard-on. I'm just asking what's up with that?"

He saw Bam shake his head. "Dude," he said quietly, quickly, and Chris touched it again, and Bam spread his legs, exhaling.

"You're drunk, Chris," was the last thing Chris remembered Bam saying.

He remembered, though, opening Bam's jeans the night before and pulling out his prick, remembered Bam's hand on the back of his head or saying the things he said to Bam, that he loved him, loved his cock, loved sucking him off, had always wanted to suck him off, and Bam said, again and again, "You're fuckin' drunk, Chris."



And he remembered this: the way he filled his mouth with Bam's cock, the fat handful of it, the thick rubbery head that stopped his throat; remembered that Bam lifted his ass off the seat, allowing Chris access to the heavy dangle of his balls and the dank, shit-smelling split behind the swaying sack; remembered Bam saying, "Dude, that's fucking it, right there," when he wiggled his finger up into the tight knot of Bam's asshole; definitely remembered the gush of come, how much of it there was, and Bam's emphatic "Gee-zuss-Christ-already-Chris," taking back his used cock, come drooling from its deep-split head; and, "You fucking dick-pig," which at the time he took as a compliment.

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Saturday afternoon, Chris was sitting outside on the roof of his downstairs neighbor's apartment, cell phone beside him. It rang.

"Dude." It was Bam. They hadn't talked since the morning-after. Neither of them said much then, and they weren't saying much now. What do you say to a guy who calls you a fucking dick-pig anyway?

"What's up?" Bam wanted to know.

"You know, same old. You?" Chris said. Sweat trickled down his chest and welled in his navel.

"Same," Bam said. "What you doing tonight?"

Chris shrugged, paused. "Dunno -- you?" He heard Bam breathe hard.

"Who fucking knows. I was thinking maybe going down to Tommy's, see who's playing."

"I think it's Dachshund," Chris said.

"A dog?"

"The band, ass-wipe. They're supposed to be pretty good."

"Yeah?" Bam said. "You wanna come?"

Chris looked out over the roof. He could see the skyline of the city of Ashland, the dying metropolis they called home. What else was there to do? he wondered, forgetting for a moment all the other things. This sounded almost, to Chris's untrained ears, like a date.

"What time?" Chris asked, and heard Bam say eight.

"What are you doing now?" Bam asked, and Chris looked at his watch.

"Nothing," he said, his cock creeping up in his loose shorts, its head poking around like a dizzy puppy. Woah there, fella, he was thinking, grabbing himself and squeezing -- plenty of time for that. I hope, he thought, squeezing again.

"I fuck with you. You fuck with me. It don't mean shit," he heard Bam saying. They were sitting at the Waldorf. The Dachshunds weren't playing at Tommy's after all; instead, there was some girl band that drew a large lesbian audience that freaked Bam out-- all those chicks and none of them interested in the Bamster! They sucked down pitchers down the street, at the Waldorf, where they knew the bartenders and most of the people lined up on the bar stools. The boys sat in back, next to the vacant pool table, waiting to play their quarters until they finished the pitcher.

"Because," Bam said, "I play better with a load on." He dropped the hint and was waiting for Chris to pick it up. Chris only squirmed.

"You're fucking with me now," Bam said, putting his elbows on the table, speaking low because he'd rather die than have anyone hear what he was about to say next. "Sitting there like that in that fucking shirt."

"What?" Chris laughed, looking down at himself. He was wearing a gray tee, non-descript save for the way it fit, which was tightly and shortly -- it refused to be tucked and bared a brown strip of belly whenever he moved. It was something he was aware of, but nothing he'd ever suspect Bam of even noticing. He looked into his friend's eyes, trying to figure out if this was more of that fucking with he had been talking about. Bam stared back.

"Cut it out," Chris said, laughing again. He drank down his beer and reached for the pitcher just as Bam was going for it to fill Chris's glass, and their hands touched, and it was like something in some lame-ass movie, but Chris felt something improbable, like a spark. He pulled his hand back.

Bam laughed. "You feel that?" he said. He had big white teeth that were perfect. He grinned so that they all showed. Somebody played The Dixie Chicks on the jukebox, and Bam kept time on the table with the flat of his hand. Chris emptied the pitcher and brought it down to the bar to be refilled, looking back at Bam, who was staring at him.

When he got back to the table, Bam took the pitcher out Chris's hand. "We're getting the hell out of here," he said, and he started drinking from the pitcher. He knocked back a near third and handed it over to Chris, saying, "Come on, let's do it, man; we ain't got all night."

Chris took the pitcher and sipped a fair share of it and gave it back to Bam, who finished it up. He stood, sliding his chair back, grabbing his sweatshirt.

"We're going to your place," he said, resolutely, giving Chris a hard nod.

Bam laid himself out on Chris's bed. His shirt was off. He put his big arms behind his head and looked at Chris over his cheek-tops, struggling with the fastenings of his pants, kicking off sneakers, and trying to elbow out of his too-tight shirt. He stumbled and fell on the bed between Bam's legs.

"I think I need some help," he laughed, and Bam said, "You fucking need something, buddy." And he leaned over to help Chris out of his shirt before applying gentle pressure to Chris's neck, bringing the man's face into his crotch.

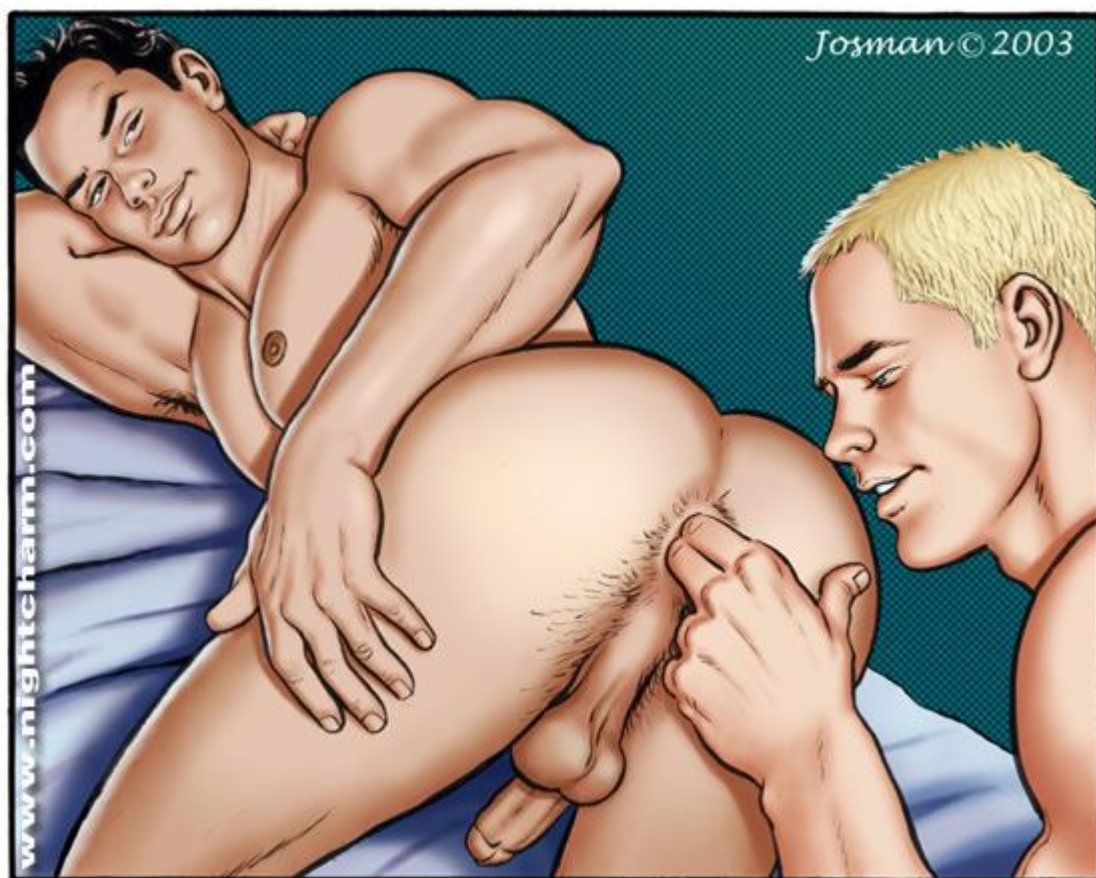
Chris gnawed on the front of Bam's pants and nosed into the zipper, wanting more than anything to undo it with his teeth. He snorted from the effort, but was unable to gain any toothsome purchase and had to suffice manually. He found, though, that his efforts were not wasted, that Bam's prick was erect and straight-standing once free from the confines of his jeans. Chris wasted no time getting the thing into his mouth. He went down on Bam with a hunger usually saved for the starving. He chewed the head and licked the shaft and got the whole thing down into his throat, feeling it catch on his uvula playfully, his spit going thick quickly, taking on the consistency of honey -- it hung



between them like a slack line of rope when Chris backed off for a little air. And all the while, Bam played with his hair, fingering Chris's scalp, rubbing down the back of his neck with his thumbs.

"You're my boy," Chris heard him say, again and again, and Chris throbbed with the words and managed to free up his own dick to rut against the sheets between Bam's knees.

"Let me see your ass," Bam said, and Chris got his pants down and turned around for Bam, mooning him. He felt Bam's warm hand exploring between his cheeks, fingers rubbing into his moist cunt.



"You ever take a dick back here?" he was asked, and Chris laughed.

"Fuck, yeah," he said, looking over his shoulder. Bam was jerking off absently, staring sweetly at Chris's butt.

"You ever fuck a guy?" Chris asked.

Bam shook his head.

"You want to?"

Chris watched Bam shake his head again and squeeze up a mess of precome from his strangled pecker.

"How about sucking? You ever blow a guy?"

Bam shook his head again, this time a sly smile on his face.

"Fucking liar," Chris laughed. "Who was it?" he wanted to know, because they'd gone to high school together and were taking classes at the same community college.

"You don't know him," Bam said, licking the finger he'd played around his dick-hole, lapping up the ooze, and wanting to brag: "New coach down at Youth Services, the dude from St. Vincent's."

Chris stiffened his spine, snapping his head up like a pointer. Brandisi! No fucking way, he thought, NO FUCKING WAY! He shook his head and smiled. What the fuck ever! There was plenty of time for the Padre. What he wanted now was some Bam-bam. He wriggled his ass and brought it close to Bam's face, backing up like a dopey puppy. He wanted to be Bam's first, if he could even believe the bastard at this point. He moved close enough to feel Bam's breath in his crack.

"C'mon," Chris said invitingly. "I want you to fuck my brains out."

"Like there's any left," Bam said, the thought of it tilting his head. He pushed his pants farther down his legs, baring his thighs. He pushed them down to his ankles and got up on his knees, positioning himself behind Chris, taking the man's hips into his hands. "This isn't gonna hurt, right?"

"Me or you?" Chris asked, looking back.

"Either-or," Bam said, and they both laughed, and Bam dropped some spit onto his dick-head and slowly pushed himself into Chris's gash.

"Me. Me. Hurts ME," Chris moaned, and Bam stopped, his cock half-stabbed. He started to pull out, but Chris yelled more. "No. NO!" he said. "You CAN'T go back now. You're in, pal. Finish it!" He pushed his ass back so that it butted up hard against Bam's hard, hairless belly. He dragged his ass-lips down the fat shaft, to the button-capped head of it, before forcing himself back up against the taut and rippled gut. He felt Bam's hand wander his back and then under to his chest, to his nipples, and he let himself be played with like a radio until his twisting turning became excruciatingly wonderful, until he felt the unbeatable urge to beat off, and he pushed off one of Bam's hands, getting it on his slippery, singing prick.



"Just like that, man," Chris breathed, turning his head right and left, getting it like a dog and wanting it worse.

"Aw, sweet," Bam grunted, throwing his shoulders back, giving Chris the whole of it, all seven fat inches, getting ready to toss off. "I'm coming," he said; "Where do you want it?"

Chris's mind went blank, whited out. He was too busy unloading himself, spraying his sheets with short, hot squirts. "Right there, right there," he said, and Bam, happy to stay where he was, shot off inside Chris's tight and tiny supernova.



Lights out, Chris put his arm around Bam's shoulder and got close to him. Who knew what the next day would be like, what the light of day would bring. Bam would probably disappear before it came, the morning, would probably stay away until he was ready for more, if he would be ready for more. Until then, Chris had him and was holding on. He got Bam's hand in his own and he fell asleep thinking, "Mine, all mine."

The End